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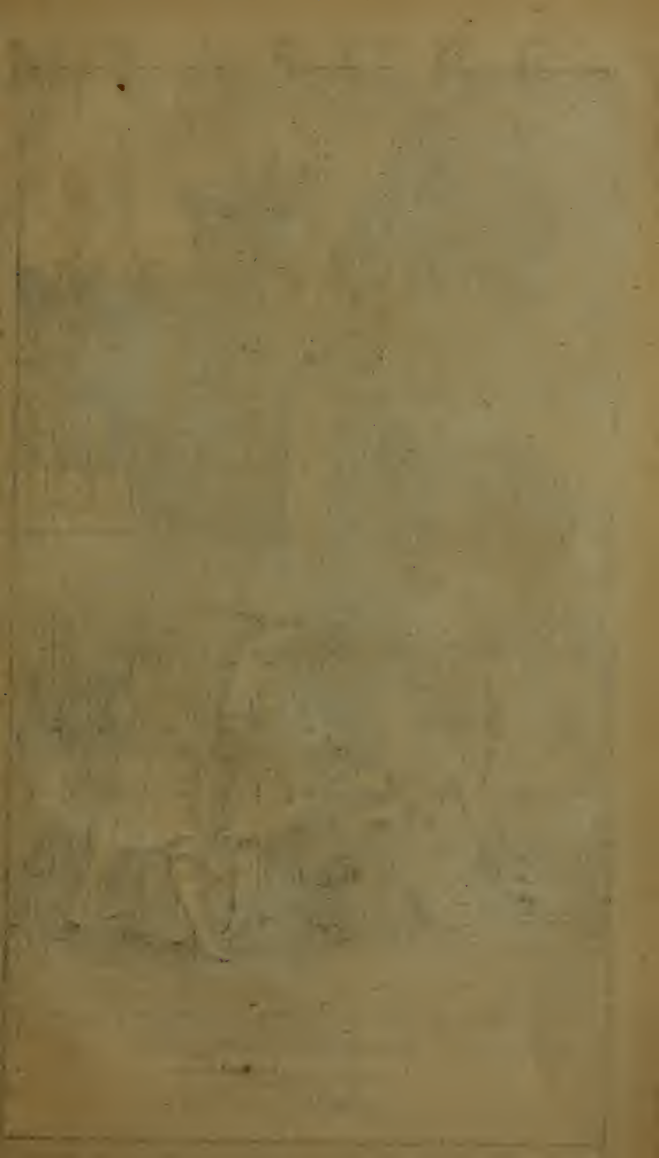

Lud. Du Guernier inv. *v.1.p.207.*

MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

*Q.176.67

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

4061 13

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WHEREAS *R. Walker*, and his Accomplices, have printed and publiſhed ſeveral of *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, and, to ſcreen their innumerable Errors, advertiſe, that they are printed as they are acted; and induſtriouſly report, that the ſaid Plays are printed from Copies made uſe of at the Theatres: I therefore declare, in Juſtice to the Proprietors, whoſe Right is baſely invaded, as well as in defence of my ſelf, that no Perſon ever had, directly, or indirectly, from me any ſuch Copy or Copies; neither would I be acceſſary, on any Account, to the impoſing on the Publick ſuch uſeleſs, pirated and maimed Editions, as are publiſhed by the ſaid *R. Walker*.

W. CHETWOOD,
Prompter to his Majeſty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre Royal *in* Drury-Lane.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, } *an ancient Lord, join'd with* Angelo *in the Deputation.*
Claudio, *a young gentleman.*
Lucio, *a fantaſtick.*
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, *a gentleman, ſervant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to Mrs.* Over-don.
Abhorſon, *an executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*

Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Claudio.
Marina, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-don, *a bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

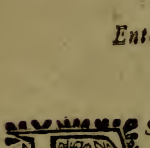
MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Duke's* PALACE.

Enter Duke, Escalus, *and Lords.*

DUKE.



SCALUS,——

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties t'unfold,
Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse.
Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains:
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo*:
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our Absence to supply;

Lent him our Terror, dreſt him with our Love;
And giv'n our Deputation all the organs
Of our own Power: ſay, what think you of it?
Eſcal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke Look, where he comes!
Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th'obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thy ſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelf upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Her ſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore, *Angelo:*
In our Remove, be thou at full our ſelf.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Eſcalus*,
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.
Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt upon it.
Duke. Come, no more evaſion:
We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.

Our

Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers it ſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your Commiſſions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple; your Scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualify the Laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place:
A pow'r I have, but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Lucio, *and two gentlemen.*

Lucio IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come to compoſition with the King of *Hung.* why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary*'s!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious Pirate, that went to ſea with the ten Commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal.———

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a Commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal; there's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, do reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No! a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſie; as for example, thou thy ſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an *Engliſh* kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think, thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done my ſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free. *Lucio.*

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with pover-

ty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his Offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What Proclamation, Man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed; they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burger put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common wealth; what ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter?* let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoſt to priſon; and there's Madam *Juliet*.

[*Ex.* Bawd *and* Clown.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers.* Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th' world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord *Angelo* by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by th' immod'rate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?*

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—— *Lucio*, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good: is letchery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true contract
I got possession of *Julietta*'s bed,
(You know the lady,) she is fast my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on *Juliet*.

Lucio.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault, and glimpse, of newness;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it strait feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:)—but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:
This day my Sister should the Cloister enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict Deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men! beside, she 'hath prosp'rous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours,———

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *A* MONASTERY.

Enter Duke, *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt Assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*;
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes and most binding Laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong Steeds,)
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
T'unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*,

Duke.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th' ambuſh of my name ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
So do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince and People; therefore pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear,
Like a true *Friar*. More reaſons for this action
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only, this one:——Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If Pow'r change purpoſe, what our Seemers be. [*Exe.*

SCENE, *A* NUNNERY.

Enter Iſabella *and* Franciſca.

Iſab. AND have you Nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſab. Yes, truly; I ſpeak not, as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter-hood, the votariſts of Saint *Clare*.
Lucio. [*Within.*] Hoa! Peace be in this place!
Iſab. Who's that, which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Iſabella*,
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may; I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the Prioreſs;
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or, if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.

He

He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.* Franc.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less; can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother *Claudio?*

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if my self might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness, and truth, 'tis thus;
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?--my cousin *Juliet?*

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The

The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, my ſelf being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By thoſe that know the very nerves of State,
His Givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant Deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He, (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by lyons;) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigor of the Statute,
To make him an example; all hope's gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften *Angelo*; and that's my pith of buſineſs
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Iſab. Doth he ſo
Seek his life?

Lucio. H'as cenſur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provoſt hath a Warrant
For's execution.

Iſab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.

Iſab. My power? Alaſs! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.

Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio. But, ſpeedily,

Iſab.

Isab. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The* PALACE.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, *a* Juſtice, *and Attendants.*

ANGELO.

WE muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.

Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father;
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,

Guil-

Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and tak't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Enter Provoſt.

Eſcal. Be't, as your Wiſdom will.
Ang. Where is the *Provoſt?*
Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.
Ang. See, that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his Confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage.— [*Exit* Prov.
Eſcal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all:
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I am the poor Duke's conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon juſtice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I know not well what they are; but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and

and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow?*

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluckt down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n and your Honour,———

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honest woman;———

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest my self also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by mistress *Over-don*'s means; but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear, how he misplaces?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your Honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence, (your Honours have seen such dishes; they are not *China* dishes, but very good dishes)

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clown.

Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point; as I say, this mistress *Elbow*, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said; master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for as you know, master *Froth*, I could not give you threepence again.

Froth. No, indeed,

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembred, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembred, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave: and I beseech you, look into master *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, master *Froth*?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter,

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,

And

And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Eſcal. I think no leſs. Good-morrow to your Lordſhip. [*Exit* Angelo.
Now, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, once more?

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beſeech your Honour, ask me.

Eſcal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beſeech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good maſter *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe; doth your Honour mark his face?

Eſcal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.

Clown. Doth your Honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſcal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then, if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter *Froth* do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Eſcal. He's in the right; conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyeſt; thou lyeſt, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child,

Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? *Juſtice*, or *Iniquity*?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal!* I reſpected with her, before I was marry'd

to

to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good Worship for't: what is't your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir?

[*To the* Clown.

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress *Over-don*.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the last.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, master *Froth:* master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master *Froth*; farewell. [*Exit* Froth.

Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown.

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the Great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster; are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, *Pompey?* by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey?* is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your Worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a Bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say, *Pompey* told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: If I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master *Elbow*; come hither, master constable; how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb To your Worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poor *Claudio!* there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provost *and a servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight: I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:

All

All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!———

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provoſt?*
Prov. Is it your will, *Claudio* ſhall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou ask again?
Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh,
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.
Prov. I crave your pardon.
What ſhall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet?*
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place, and that with ſpeed.
Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?
Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſter-hood,
If not already.
Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.
Ang. Stay yet a while.——Y'are welcome; what's your will?
Iſab. I am a woful ſuitor to your Honour,
Pleaſe but your Honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?
Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice

For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, e'er it be done;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then;—heav'n keep your Honour!

Lucio. Give not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him: hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it.
To him, I ſay.

Iſab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Iſab. Yes; I do think, that you might pardon him;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Iſab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Iſab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Iſab. Too late? why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;

But

But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Iſab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your Potency,
And you were *Iſabel*; ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, ſhould
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the Law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.
Iſab. To-morrow? oh! that's ſudden. Spare him,
ſpare him:
He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchins
We kill the fowl, of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heav'n
With leſs reſpect, than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.
Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man, that did th' Edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a Prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
Or new, or by remiſſneſs new conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees;
But here they live, to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.
Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those, I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a Giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a Giant.
Lucio. That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp, and sulph'rous, bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Dress't in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't,
Prov. Pray heav'n, she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul prophanation.
Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the Captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the Soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,

That

That skins the vice o' th' top : go to your bosom ;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault ; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isab Hark, how I'll bribe you : good, my lord, turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heav'n shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
E'er sun-rise : prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well ; come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to ; 'tis well ; away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe !

Ang. Amen :
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your Honour! [*Exe.* Lucio *and* Isabella.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense,

Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, *Angelo?*
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: Ever till this very Now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provoſt.

Duke. HAIL to you, *Provoſt*; ſo, I think, you are.
Prov. I am the *Provoſt*; what's your Will, good *Friar?*

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt Order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon; do me the common right
To let me ſee them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath bliſter'd her report: ſhe is with child;
And he, that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.

Duke.

Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To* Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair-one, of the sin you carry?
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you, how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful Act
Was mutually committed.
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame?
Which sorrow's always tow'rds ourselves, not heaven;
Showing we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him;
So grace go with you; *benedicite.* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! oh, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. WHEN I would pray and think, I think and pray
To sev'ral subjects: heav'n hath my empty words,

Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel*: Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh Place! oh Form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good Angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One *Iſabel*, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both That unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The gen'ral Subjects to a well-wiſht King
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Croud to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I come to know your pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Iſab. Ev'n ſo?—Heav'n keep your Honour! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he muſt die.

Iſab.

Isab. Under your ſentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſaucy ſweetneſs, that do coin heav'n's image
In Stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made;
As to put Metal in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.
Isab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heav'n, but not in earth.
Ang. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe, that he hath ſtain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.
Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.
Isab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life.
Isab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you, granting my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either, you're ignorant;
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good.

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus Wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſques
Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could diſplay'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs;
Your brother is to die.

Iſab. So.

Ang. And his off-nce is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,) that you his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppos'd, or elſe to let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, e'er I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once;
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence,
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Iſab. An ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,

Are

Are of two houſes; lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.
Iſab. Oh pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out
To have what we wou'd have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Iſab. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and ſucceed by weakneſs!
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppoſe, we're made to be no ſtronger,
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold:
I do arreſt your words: be That you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.
Iſab. I have no tongue but one; gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you, ſpeak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Iſab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he ſhall die for it.
Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.
Iſab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine Honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Iſab.

Isab. Ha! little Honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a present Pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Isabel?*
My unsoil'd Name, th' Austereness of my Life,
My Vouch against you, and my Place i'th' State,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for: redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the Law make curt'sie to their Will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother;
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Isabel*, live, chaste; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s request;
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's Rest. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Priſon.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provoſt.

DUKE.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo?*

Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for death: or death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life;
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences;
That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; meerly thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of Reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forgett'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;

For,

For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
The meer effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the *Gout, Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age,
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find. I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho? peace here: grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, e'er long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt holy Sir, I thank you.

Iſab. My Buſineſs is a word, or two, with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your ſiſter.

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.

Provoſt. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in Deed:
Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his ſwift ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting lieger.
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To-morrow you ſet on.

Claud.

Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint,
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one, as you, consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? if I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die;
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; yet is a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The Princely *Angelo*?

Isab.

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards. Doſt thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?
Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to-morrow.
Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, deareſt *Isabel*.
Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' noſe,
When he would force it? ſure, it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.
Isab. Which is the leaſt?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Isabel!*
Isab. What ſays my brother?
Claud. Death's a fearful thing.
Isab. And ſhamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling;——'tis too horrible!

The

The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a parrdiſe
To what we fear of death.

Iſab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live;
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becoms a virtue.

Iſab. Oh you beaſt!
Oh faithleſs coward! oh diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? what ſhould I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh, might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed.
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death;
No word to ſave thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me *Iſabel.*

Iſab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it ſelf a bawd;
'Tis beſt, that thou dy'ſt quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Iſabella.*

To them, Enter Duke *and* Provoſt.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter; but one word.

Iſab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures.

natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your self to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon; I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [*Ex.* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid, my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Prov.

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo:* how will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo?* if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his Government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made tryal of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents it self. I do make my self believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther; I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodness is never fearful: have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the sister of *Frederick*, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness (that in all reason should have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his de-

demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your Brother saved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Re-enter Duke *as a Friar*; Elbow, Clown, *and Officers.*

Elb. NAY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bleſs you, good father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cramb a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thy ſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array my ſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove———

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waiſt, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy comfort: I cry bail: here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey?* what, at the wheels of *Cæſar?* art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pigmalion*'s images newly made women to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drown'd i'th' laſt rain? ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot? is the world

as

as it was, man? which is the way? is it ſad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is her ſelf in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unſhunn'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon, *Pompey?*

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey:* farewel: go, ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey?* or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him; if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his Right. Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey:* commend me to the priſon, *Pompey*; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the houſe.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encreaſe your bondage; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, truſty *Pompey.* Bleſs you, *Friar.*

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey*? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey!* nor now. What news abroad, *Friar?* what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke?*

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*; other ſome, he is in *Rome:* but where is he, think you?

Duke.

Duke. I know not where; but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him to ſteal from the State, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his abſence; he puts Tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; ſomething too crabbed that way, *Friar.*

Duke. It is too general a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant, Sir, and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is abſent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his uſe was, to put a ducket in her clack-diſh; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong ſurely.

Lucio.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No: pardon: 'tis a ſecret muſt be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you underſtand, the greater file of the Subject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion, but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking: the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt upon a warranted Need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier. Therefore, you ſpeak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar.* But no more of this. Can'ſt thou tell, if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, Sir? *Lucio.*

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish: I would, the Duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with Continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eves, because they are leacherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good *Friar*; I pry'thee, pray for me: the Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on *Friday*. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' she smelt of brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so, farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. No Might nor Greatness in mortality
Can Censure scape: back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall up in the sland'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, *and* Bawd.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your Honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information against me: mistress *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it myself; and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: go to; no more words [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.] *Provost*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my

brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the See,
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle, runs the wisdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profest to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'ns your Function, and the prisoner the very debt of your Calling. I have labour'd

bour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty; but my brother Juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Juſtice.

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the priſoner; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Duke. Peace be with you!
He who the ſword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere:
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking.
Twice treble Shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward ſide?
How may that likeneſs, made in crimes,
Making practie on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply.
With *Angelo* to-night ſhall lie
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguis'd
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old Contacting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Grange.*

Enter Mariana, *and boy ſinging.*

SONG.

TAKE, oh, take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn;
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wiſh,
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,
My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' muſick oft hath ſuch a charm
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to-day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after; I have ſate here all day.

Enter Iſabel.

Duke. I do conſtantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to your ſelf.

Mari.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backt;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his Opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No: none, but only a repair i'th' dark;
And that I have possest him, my most Stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up,
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, hoa! within! come forth!

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade your self that I respect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do; and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your Companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wil't please you walk aside?

Duke. Oh Place and Greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtruck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! Welcome; how agreed?

Re-enter Mariana, *and* Iſabel.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. 'Tis not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

Iſab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
"*Remember now my brother.*

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our Corn's to reap; for yet our Tilth's to ſow. [*Exe.*

SCENE, *changes to the Priſon.*

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Prov. COME hither, ſirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine:* here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson!* where's *Abhorson*, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using Painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof.——

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief, Clown: If it be too little for your true man, your Thief thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness. *Prov.*

Prov. You, firrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o-clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare: for truly, Sir, for your kindneſs I owe you a good-turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine?*

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies ſtarkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelf. [*Ex. Claud.*] But, hark, what noiſe? [*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your ſpirits comfort! —— by and by; —
I hope, it is ſome Pardon, or Reprieve,
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſom'ſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provoſt!* who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, ſince the curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabel?*

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio?*

Duke. There is ſome in Hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the ſtroke and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his Pow'r

To qualify in others. Were he meal'd
With That, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.
[*Knock again.* Provost *goes out.*
This is a gentle *Provost*; seldom when
The steeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noise? that spirit's possest with haste,
That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes.
[Provost *returns.*

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no Countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very Siege of justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profest the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s Pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow; for as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messen.

Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by such sin,
For which the Pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before

Duke Pray you, let's hear.

Provost *reads the letter.*

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon* Barnardine: *for my better satisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurs'd up and bred; one, that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him

him a seeming Warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provost*, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have Warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo?* I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my Instructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go

further

further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this is the Return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: put not your self into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy, when they are known. Call your Executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn. [*Exe.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think, it were mistress *Over-don*'s own house; for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Mr. *Rash*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request; for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Capon*, at the suit of master *Three-Pile* the mercer; for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-spur*, and master *Starve-Lacky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-heire* that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forthlight* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty* the great traveller, and wild *Half Canne* that stabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.

Enter

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What, hoa, *Barnardine!*

Barnar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noiſe there? what are you?

Clown. Your Friend, Sir, the hangman: you muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, ſirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorſon?* what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the Warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father; do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnard. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or

they

they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my Ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Ex.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravel heart!
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: What if we omit
This Reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio?*

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides;
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo:* see, this be done,
And sent according to Command; while I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently:
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoon.
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in secret Holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio:*
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *Angelo.* [*Exit* Prov.

Now will I write letters to *Angelo,*
(The *Provoſt,* he ſhall bear them;) whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated Fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-ballanc'd form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo.*

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a ſwift Return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Iſab. [*Within.*] Peace, hoa, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Iſabel.*—She comes to know,
If yet her brother's Pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter Iſabel.

Iſab. Hoa, by your leave———

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Iſab. The better, giv'n me by ſo holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy ſent my brother's Pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Iſabel,* from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to *Angelo.*

Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.

Duke. It is no other.
Shew your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſeſt patience.

Iſab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.

Iſab.

Isab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabel!*
Injurious world, most damned *Angelo!*

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your Cause to heav'n:
Mark, what I say; which you shall surely find
By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our Convent, and his Confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their Pow'r. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
'Tis That he sent me of the Duke's Return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At *Mariana*'s house to-night. Her Cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes,
With a light heart; trust not my holy Order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where's the *Provost*?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to't. But, they say, the Duke will be here to-morrow;

morrow. By my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Ex.* Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well; you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE.

Enter Angelo *and* Escalus.

Escal. EVERY letter, he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness: pray heav'n, his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal,

Escal. He shews his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of Sort and Suit, as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This Deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her:
For my authority bears a credent Bulk;
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. Would yet, he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke *in his own habit*; *and Friar* Peter.

Duke. THESE letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provost* knows our purpose, and our plot:
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister: go, call at *Flavius'* house,
And tell him, where I stay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,

And

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit* Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our Friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth:
I'd ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your Part; yet I'm adviſ'd to do it,
He ſays, t'availful purpoſe.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick,
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar *Peter* ———

Iſab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you. Twice have the trumpets ſounded:
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *a publick Place near the City.*

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, *and Citizens at several doors.*

DUKE.

MY very worthy Cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see you.

Ang. and *Escal.* Happy Return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my Bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the Subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come *Escalus*;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good Supporters are you. [*As the* Duke *is going out*,

Enter Peter *and* Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke; vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid:
Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice,
Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:
Here is lord *Angelo* shall give you justice;
Reveal your self to him.
Isab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your self; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: oh, hear me, hear me.
Ang. My lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm;
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.
Isab. Course of Justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.
Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak;
That *Angelo*'s forsworn: is it not strange?
That *Angelo*'s a Murth'rer: is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater:
Is it not strange and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her: poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.
Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another Comfort than this World,
That thou neglect me not; with that Opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That, which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible,
But one the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,

As *Angelo*; even so may *Angelo*,
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the Truth appear, where it seems hid;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.
What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the Act of Fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in probation of a sister-hood,
Was sent to by my brother; one *Lucio*,
As then the Messenger, ———

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's Pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. [*To* Lucio

Lucio. No, my good Lord, nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for your self, pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The Warrant's for your self; take heed to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time. Proceed.
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it:
The Phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter; ——proceed.
Iſab. In brief; (to ſet the needleſs Proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length) the vile Concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte Body
To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly Remorſe confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting, he ſends a Warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is moſt likely!
Iſab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!
Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not
what thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice. Firſt, his Integrity
Stands without blemiſh; next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay, by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.
Iſab. And is this All?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.

Duke.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
To prison with her, shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? this needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*
Duke. A ghostly father, belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick?*
Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute! let this *Friar* be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that *Friar*,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy *Friar*,
A very scurvy Fellow.
Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this Woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which she speaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my Trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. On his meer request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was Complaint
Intended 'gainst lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath
By all Probation will make up full clear,

Whenever

Whenever he's conven'd. First, for this woman;
To justifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
'Till she her self confess it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, lord *Angelo?*
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools! ——
Give us some seats; come, Cousin *Angelo*,
In this I will be partial: be you Judge
Of your own Cause. Is this the witness, *Friar?*
[Isabella *is carried off, guarded.*

Enter Mariana *veil'd.*

First, let her shew her face; and after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And I confess besides, I am no maid;
I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord *Angelo.*

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all th'effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you ſay, your husband. [*To* Mariana.

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord; and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Iſabel*'s.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe; let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from *Iſabel*;
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelf and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
For that her Reputation was diſ-valu'd
In levity; ſince which time of five years
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from breath;
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly

As

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But *Tuesday* night last gone, in's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile 'till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of Justice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? You, lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my Cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your *Provost* knows the place, where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted Cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [*Exit.*

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you say, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honest in nothing,

but in his cloaths; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſcal. We ſhall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them againſt him; we ſhall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame *Iſabel* here once again: I would ſpeak with her; pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's habit, and* Provoſt; Iſabella *is brought in.*

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at mid-night.

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of, here with the *Provoſt*.

Eſcal. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum———

Eſcal. Come, Sir, did you yet ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord *Angelo*? they have confeſs'd, you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great Place; and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly at leaſt. But oh, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good-night to your redreſs: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The Duke's unjuſt,

Thus

Thus to retort your manifeſt Appeal;
And put your Tryal in the Villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he, I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar*,
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
T'accuſe this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice?
Take him hence; to th' Rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by Joint, but we will know his purpoſe:
What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the Duke dare no more ſtretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His Subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong Statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,
As much in mock as mark.

Eſcal. Slander to th' State! away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, Signior *Lucio?*
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate;
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the Duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, Sir? and was the Duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, Sir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the Duke as I love my ſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to priſon; where is the *Provoſt?* away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him; let him ſpeak no more; away with thoſe giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, ſtay a-while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying raſcal; you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you; ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er mad'ſt a Duke.

Firſt, *Provoſt*, let me bail theſe gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you
Muſt have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke I pardon; ſit you down: [*To* Eſcalus.
We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave:
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable;
When I perceive your Grace, like Pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my Paſſes: then, good Prince,
No longer Seſſion hold upon my ſhame;

But let my Tryal be mine own confeſſion:
Immediate Sentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana:*
Say; waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which conſummate,
Return him here again: go with him, *Provoſt.*

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Iſabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: as I was then
Advertiſing, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me Pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Iſabel:*
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart,
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd my ſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than That which lives to fear: make it your comfort;
So, happy is your brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Proveſt.

Iſab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For *Mariana*'s ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,

Being

Being criminal, in double violation
Of facred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifeſted;
Which tho' thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death; and with like haſte;
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his Poſſeſſions,
Altho' by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Liege——

Duke. You do but loſe your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good lord. Sweet *Iſabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you ſervice.

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. *Iſabel*,
Sweet *Iſabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands. ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all,
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;

And,

And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my husband.
Oh, *Iſabel!* will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.
Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds.
'Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die. My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects:
Intents, but meerly thoughts.
Mari. Meerly, my lord.
Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provoſt, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?
Prov. It was commanded ſo.
Duke. Had you a ſpecial Warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.
Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your Office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought, it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in th' priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is *Barnardine.*
Duke. I would, thou had'ſt done ſo by *Claudio:*
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
Eſcal. I'm ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſſly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang.

Ang. I'm ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And ſquar'ſt thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelf.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay, you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks, I ſee a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remiſſion in my ſelf,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To* Lucio.
One of all luxury, an aſs, a mad man;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf there's one

Whom

Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the Nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore: your Highness said even now, I made you a Duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her:
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a Prince deserves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*: love her, *Angelo*:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Escalus*, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, *Provost*, for thy care and secresie;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' offence pardons it self. Dear *Isabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our Palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.